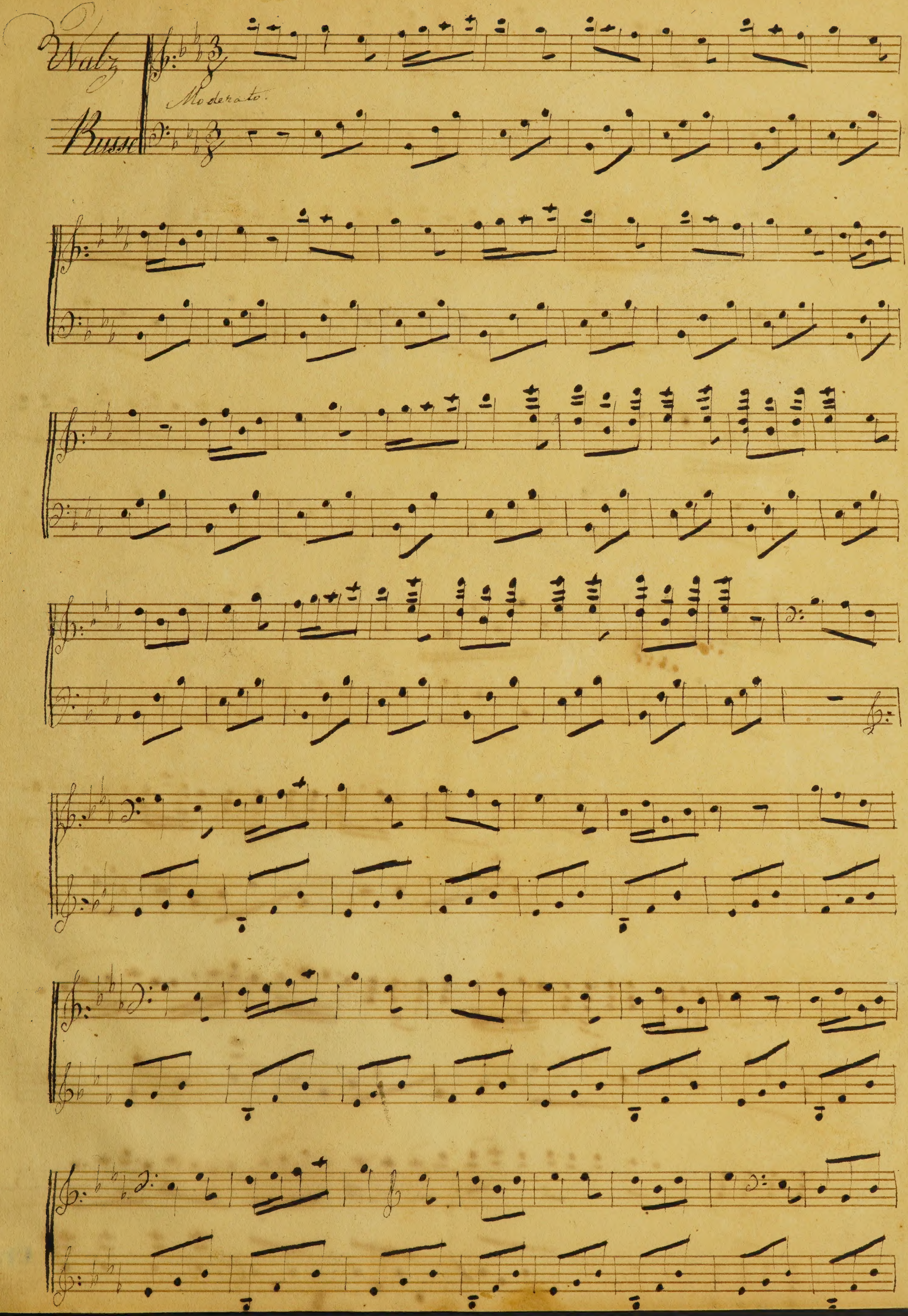
Walz
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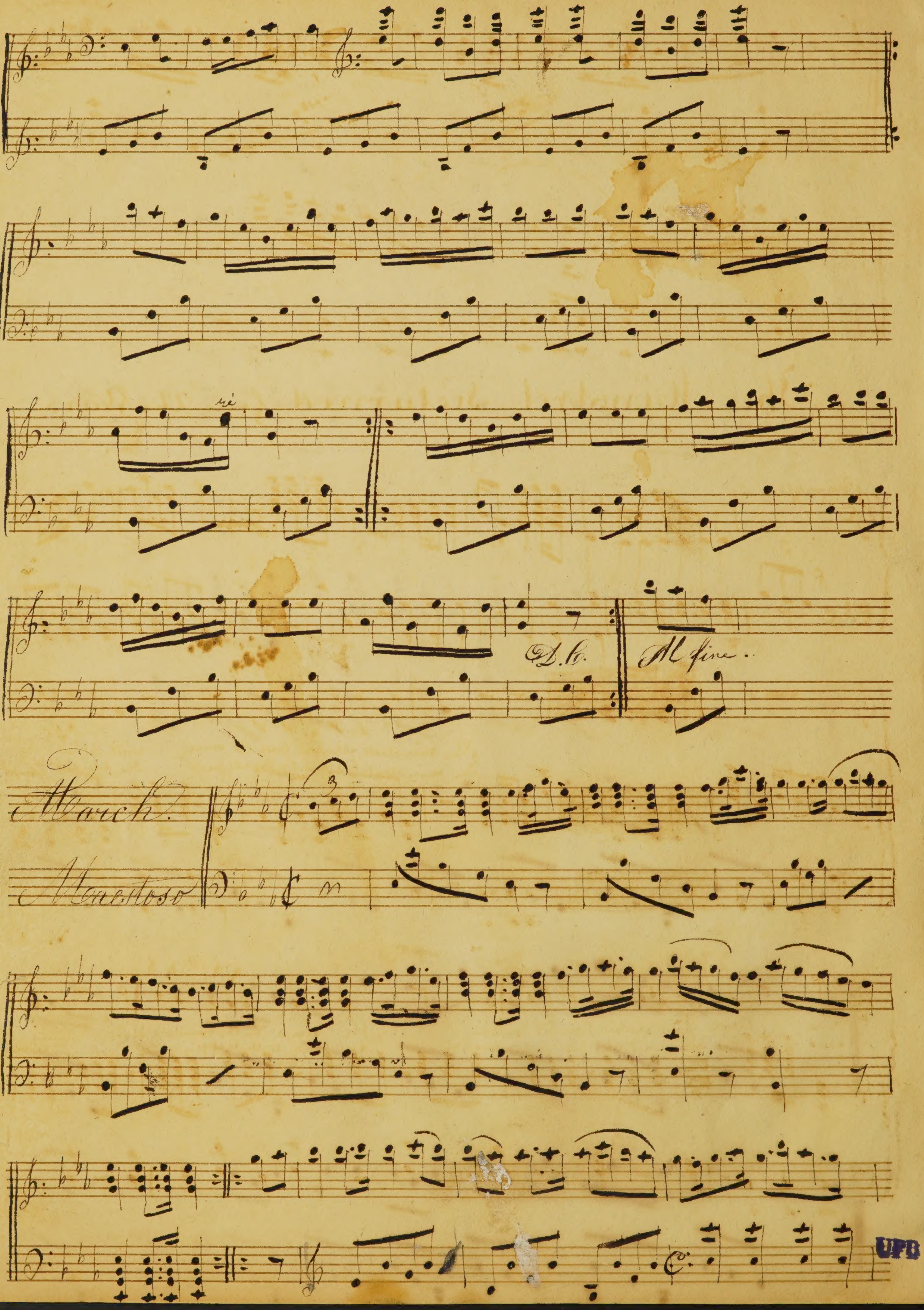
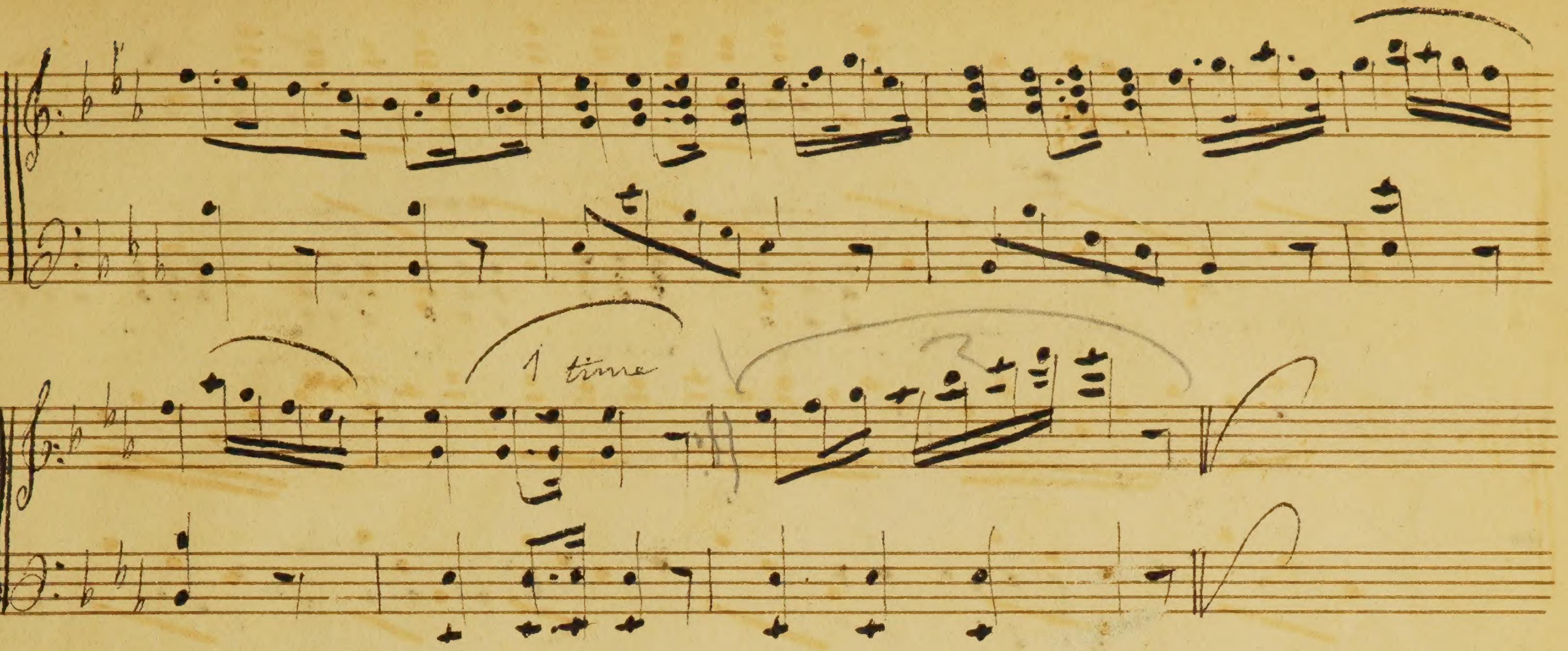
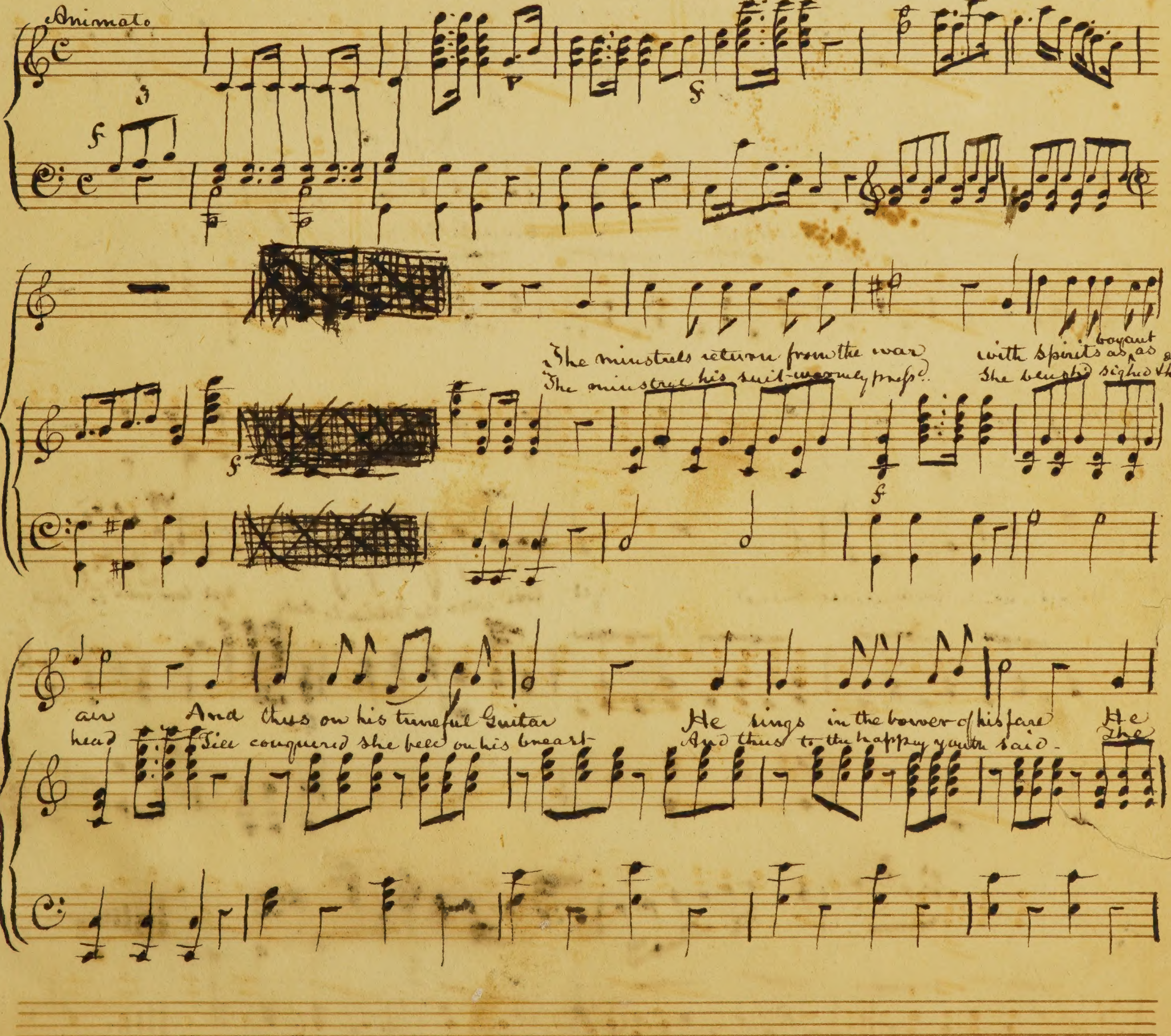
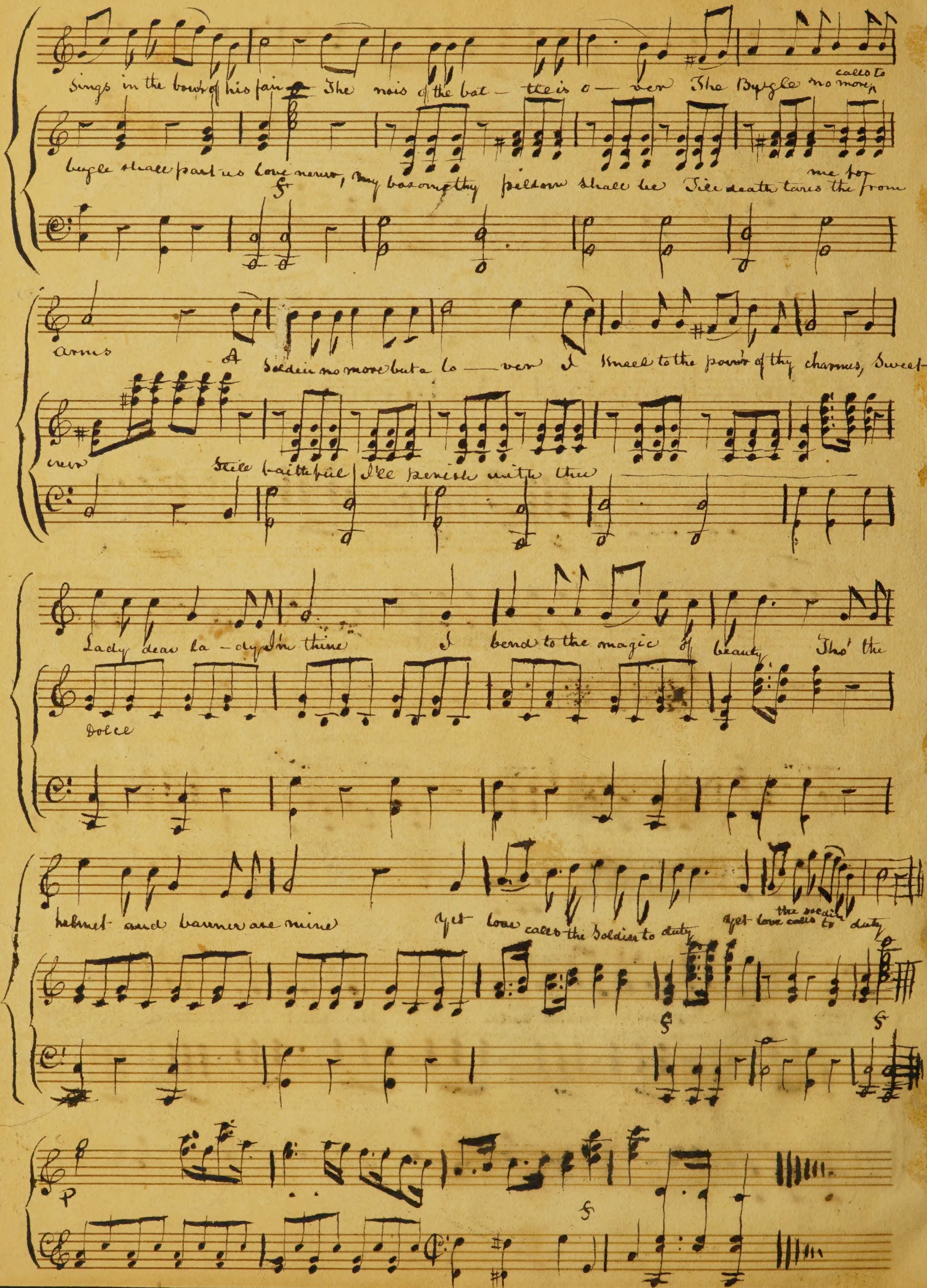


UFB



The Minstrel Returned from the Wars




Sings in the bowr of his fair The nois of the bat — tle is o — ver The Bugle no more calls to
bugle shall part us Love never, My bosom thy pillow shall be Till death tares the from me for
arms A Soldier no more but a lo — ver I kneel to the pow'r of thy charms, Sweet-
ever Still faithful I'll perish with thee
Lady dear La — dy I'm thine I bend to the magic of beauty Tho' the
Dolce
helmet and banner are mine Yet love calls the Soldier to duty Yet love calls the soldier to duty